The Battle

3 Amigos

-Frost P!
-Zuz.
-SOV, Lady Sovereign.
-Shystie!
Yo, Medasyn starts.
First the political son, Zuz Rock.
Den, I will do. Yo.
[FROST P]See anybody wanna checks me on dis?
Be like most dese kids who chuck shit
S*ck record company head.
Frost P, I keep it, nuh-uh.
Still bills I'm payin', still for mils I'm prayin'
In the meanwhile, I stayed me and wait,
De life ain't great,
But's better than the jobs from state,
For makin' it, mate, just a Q and A.
Still ghetto wit de mind of a needle
A cricket in the cheater,
Draw a nine millimeter up.
Makin it, 'caine.
If I get shifty, never reven' eddy
Ain't life, but I stay in de game
Den dat police cruiser say:
"Ain't you the little - ?"
Frame my brain to the game
But I let you know de whistle (tweet)
[ZUZ ROCK]Same issue, I move like a video on jerk.
Steady, walk forward in my Timberland boots
And I still ready to shoot, you need proof?
Shall we? Any time, I'm able.
Come on mate, I never get signed!
More time, still wanna ** leave me behind.
Tell me to put my name on de dotted line.
Ya find, when ye ** contracts to de street
Come around, will you?
In the last two weeks, you're too weak.
I still represent Hays Town.
Though it's my proximity, my boy face down.
Murder mans, like a fuckin greyhound

Quit runnin' in de bank, til yer laid down.
Style to the manner, got a place in the manor
Like a .38, always come back to the man-ner.
That's grammar.
Use your bank, big like de clamps.
You versus me equals my car trunk.
[FROST/ZUZ CHORUS x2]Lissen up - Zuz, Frost P, eyes frosty,
Dat Meda camp, kills MCs softly
Like lure in, we got shots from foreign.
And you don't wanna fuck wiv my side, fool
[SHYSTIE/SOV]Yo, this is Shystie ...
Yeh, SOV, Lady Sovereign, I'm wid Shystie.
Let's take dese boys out, yah?
I'm on it, boy-eh...Let's battle ...
Show dese guys what we're worth, big boy,
'Cos I know, see, I can spit ...
Let's show dem.
A'right!
[SOV]Yo, dere's suttin, I got one bad habit,
When those streets step to me, I won't have it,
'Specially people like you and you an ...
Dat's okay, now when I come through
Come up de light's in de low power,
Remember de time when you got slaughtered,
Beef? Cos' no, it's just an argument
Words they is jerkin' in de House of Parliament.
Wid out de words, wid out de verbs
Little boys left on de kerb.
People, lift dem up before dey get hurt.
But their heart rate stop (beeep)
When they have just learned
Dat I'm above de flow
Leave yer mind in high-low
Like de center of a polo, push
Can't enter his height when I'm so low,
Yah, yeh don't know, so -
None a yer words can hurt me, fool.
None a yer combats mean fuck, fool.
Nuffin' you say can hurt me, fool.
I feel bad, pity for you.
Rue the lack of sense.
That's yer ish-ing dat does dis.
Where yer car? harhar! A domestic life
Devil promotion of sickness (hwack)
An illness? Anyone listenin' is a witness.

Helpless lady - I never written dis.
Let's get on wid de quick busi-ness.
S.O.V. dot, dot... lyricists can get us dis?
- No.
Hup-two-three-four, I'm goin' to war,
To win - I leave the runner-up sore. (ow!)
I'm raw, like uncut meat,
That's why I'm in de hole,
Dat why I flak it, I'm a treat -
I'm deep. But my face looks sweet!
Sweet enough to fool yeh 'bout my greed.
Waltz it to where dem don't sleep,
Yah, now creep!
[SHY/SOV CHORUS x2]Yo, lissen up to Sovereign and me, Shystie!
The Meda camp's deep, and they never stopped we
Spittin' lyrics in your face, you can't keep up de pace
So you don't wanna fuck wiv our side, fool!
[SHYSTIE]Ha! So, let's show dese boys what time it is.
I'm showin' you,
Dey don't know about how us gurrls sspit, yeh.
Let's show dem how we keep it rill.
Let's show dem what de deal is.
Let's show dem what time it is.
Shystie! Let's go!
Oi! 'ey, lissen up,
Don't get fucked up wiv a taco, fool, durin' PMS,
Cos' my mood swings get yeh in a state of distress.
And the lyrical Shakespeare doesn't ever test
Doesn't spit about a rattle man's chest
Accordings to dese angles, if dere was a circle
Yeh! - play, boy, but I know my swivin' hurt you.
I take you for a joke, so you get laffed at (haha)
Yer a basic MC, boy. I'm done - past it.
Cos' my microphone sample is in de silence,
Leaving, yeh suddenly need stabilizing.
Yeh wanted to better me just like an idiot.
But I'll show everyone (sure!) here dat yerr not ready yet.
I need a body bag, body back in a closed hearse.
Leff it in de church, can I really get worse?
Cannot rilly know dat I jes silly caught, seen me
But I'm still here, cos' I moved out de window.
Goin' to make havoc - spit til I choke.
How could anyone ever better me for a joke.
See de tick-tock? on de body clock, sh*t don't stop.
If you wanna come and drop a lyric, there is no top.

But if you had it, you still couldn't rhyme
You still couldn't write (nah) in beat to dis time
So you never get close enough to me to attack.
You take two steps forward, but three steps back.
Cos' I'm daily separatin' mens day by day,
No self-esteem? Meditate and don't think of it,
Unless its how I'll make you lose your confidence.
Even how you spittin on dis track is never-never lan'.
ish -
you. can't. spit. and. it's. better. dat. you. quit.

leave. it. to Shystie. that. spits. hot toxic.
but - you member how we's doin' all?
yeh! right! hah hah!
[SHY/SOV CHORUS x2]Yo, lissen up to Sovereign and me, Shystie!
The Meda camp's deep, and they never stopped we
Spittin' lyrics in your face, you can't keep up de pace
So you don't wanna fuck wiv our side, fool!
[FROST P]Yo! This is it! heh hah haa!
The beef's kickin' off now! (s'fun now)
Frost P! Bruce Grove N17. Z-U!
Let's take down these duck birds. (nice)
Yo, I used both of dese girls back
Like pick-up sexin', before de beef is on.
And your Miss Dynamite
Impressions ain't botherin' no one.
So thanks for naught. Get yer own slogan!
Take that! Matter of fact, get off de track.
I'm too classy to go back-to-back
Wiv your average hood-rats.
What you know about markin' yer game
Up yer walls? Nuffin.
Spittin crap at yer sympathizers. (nuffin!)
Treat yeh frauds like Kit-Kat
- "Give 'em a break!"
Cos' yer unknown and fake,
Cos' yer bound to hate.
Dey wanna beee like us!! (I know)
But they're featherweight,
And I'm a heavyweight.
Eatin' MCs like ready-break.
If that's the case, imagine when it gets skipped.
Slap quick and exit. (huh huh)
And home it crept. Must be men!
'Cos you had the boobs to steppin' into a rep

But you get blazed off de set.
Trustin' if you be Lady Sovereign, get bits in de hedges.
Don't to trust get me in da stakes.
Even wif Gab's compressor, ya still sound lesser.
So don't get it twisted, girls - you aint better.
Man, I take down your whole 'hood wiv my full wood.
You hear de way I flow, and you rilly wish you could.
Never dat! Too many rhymes, too many lines.
For the amateurs like you, I ain't got de time.
[FROST/ZUZ CHORUS x2]Lissen up - Zuz, Frost P, eyes frosty,
Dat Meda camp, kills MCs softly
Like lure in, we got shots from foreign.
And you don't wanna fuck wiv my side, fool
[ZUZ ROCK]heh heh.
Yah, dese gurls can't be serious!
Frost, are these gurls serious, man?
They better fuckin' reco'nize what time it is,
Before we clean their clocks.
R-O-C? - yep.
I spit sick rhymes, stars
Better den yours, times ten.
I rhyme couple time, I punish you in line,
You could never take Zuz for a spin.
'Cos this isn't nevah-nevah
I'm tougher dan evah.
My vendetta is simply payback
Write lyrics wiv no pen, no paper.
Hate-ers never prosper. (yep)
So get lost like cheese down a sofa.
Gabi doesn't matter to me.
'Cos if Shystie is on battlin' me
She's ready to see, R.O. is old school
Like bullet-hole jeans (whew)
- when de bullet goes in
I used to shop work to get a gold fing.
For sure, I'm talkin', my fro's clean.
Yo, my 'fro's clean, just like the po sheets
Better listen up when R.O. speaks.
So all of my worrds are hurrrtin' you.
And yer broke down, sound like dudes.
Why would not you got a better fing to do?
Easy to cure you hos, I won't lose. ZU-ZU!
In the MC game, I put a lame MC to shame.
You've only got yourself to blame.
Tame your voice when you talk big (or my shit will)

I kill your little kids like mornin'-after pills -
So chill.
When you walked in, I met ends, it's not happenin'.
I still strappin' my nine, I still rappin' part time.
Lemme up, I take ye back de hallways.
Ye don't wanna see me take it back to old days -
I favored Frost P like a maniac. (he's great)
'Cos I'm back, I show you where the fucks izzat.
I'm still one of a kind, win de war wiv me?
Killed twenty-two (22.) MCs,
Dem wanna make it twenty-three (23!).
[FROST/ZUZ CHORUS x2]Lissen up - Zuz, Frost P, eyes frosty,
Dat Meda camp, kills MCs softly
Like lure in, we got shots from foreign.
And you don't wanna fuck wiv my side, fool
[SHYSTIE]I'll clue you, hands tied behind my fat*ss
No lies, I won't even close my eyes.
Turn aroun', when my back faced
In yer face, it's replaced.
Spit my lyrics in yer face like mace.
[SOV]Yo, my eyes --
I pity de fool who will sell it
Like dresser, uh huh.
I be de midget in de middle
Wot right about now (yo)
But can you do a little?
[FROST P]Rose, never stoppin'.
I called de rolls, twenty years old.
I still hopin' to bust wiv de chop hoss boss.
We stop - if accused, we just rush past.
Educated, but yep, I still bank last!
[ZUZ ROCK]See, I'm renegade. Roll wid de R.O.C.,
Plus, we fully stocked wid de nine milli
'Cos we hot and den it's a Harvard
Deres offa banned and a filly,
I fuckin chopped Pokemon, car trunk kitty.
[SHYSTIE]A lotta people know Shystie de renegade,
I keep glasses by de bottle, but I stock lemonade.
So - don't get twisted, 'cos I'm not Shy.
Give a bad look, get a right hook in yer eye!
[FROST P]Fat man dat pull scares like anthrax
Leave a boy lookin, zip is lips wit' Tampax!
Wit my accent, jack all de lime off de track.
Make a used door sound like "Oh dear, Maxwell"
[ZUZ ROCK]Still -

Huffing and puffing and bluffing
And not on a double to nuttin'.
I doubled up when I f*d yer girlfriend,
Double to double, when I doubled de barrel,
R.O. dubbed it, so you won't be into lurin'
[SOV]Yeh dont wanna look in my eye, fool!
My lyrics see people dat cry, fool!
Yeh'll see black and white,
Like a black tie ball, so -
[ALL]You don't wanna fuck wiv my side, fool

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